

after hours

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Vol. 1, No. 1

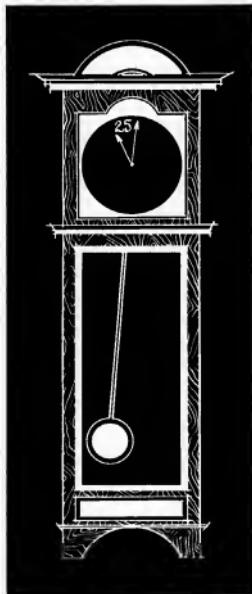
COLLECTOR'S EDITION



A NIGHT WITH A LATIN QUARTER GIRL

EAST MEETS WEST IN PHILADELPHIA

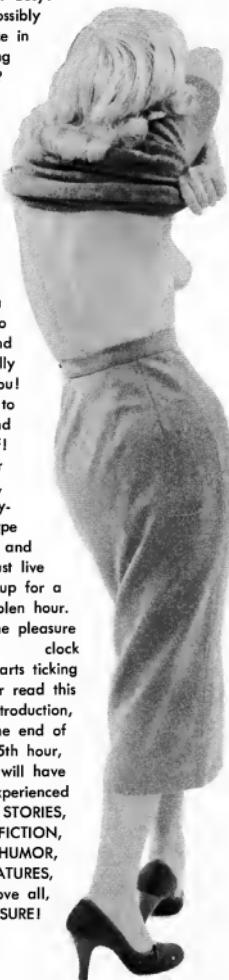
... the 25th HOUR



Tired? Busy?
Can't possibly
squeeze in
another thing
today? Hmm?
We have just
the magazine
for you.

AFTER HOURS
is devoted
to the pleasures
of the
25th hour,
the extra hour
of the day
that is a
necessity to
everyone and
most especially
to you!

Your time to
relax and
enjoy yourself!
Forget your
ordinary,
every-day-
type
problems and
just live
it up for a
stolen hour.
The pleasure
clock
starts ticking
as your read this
introduction,
and by the end of
your 25th hour,
you will have
experienced
PICTURE STORIES,
FICTION,
HUMOR,
EXCITING FEATURES,
and above all,
SHEER PLEASURE!



After hours

Vol. 1

No. 1

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after hours

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STRANGE CITY

THE night crept over the city, its blackness slipping silently into the corners and crevices of light, stealthily sliding into even the tallest buildings, overwhelming the dying rays of the winter sun. And in the moment when darkness engulfed the city, just before its countless lights were switched on, Pete Conner slipped out of bed, stretched his six foot two inch frame, straightened his tie and flipped on the light of his cheap hotel room. What a hell of a note, thought Pete. Here it is Friday night, a strange city, nothing to do 'til my train leaves in the morning, a whole night ahead of me and I don't know a damn soul in this berg. Pete picked up his wallet, rifled through the green stuff; he was far from being broke. He walked over to the only window in the room, lit a cigarette and looked down on the city. The lights of the street lamps formed pools of soft yellow in the blackness, and the hurrying people, their coats pulled tightly around them to ward off the slowly falling snow, glided from light to darkness in their pell mell rush to somewhere. Somewhere, mused Pete, they all had somewhere to go, someone to meet. He laughed, mirthlessly. If he hadn't just gotten up he could've gone to bed. But he was too used to working at night to change his habits for this weekend. From his post at the window, Pete could make out the thin red neon letters of the club Tahiti, promising warmth, noise, liquor, women, certainly if nothing else, sex . . . ah, who the hell needed it.

Pete Conner turned from the window, annoyed by his own indecision. He walked to the closet, grabbed his unpressed trench coat, threw it on, and switching off the light, went out. It was almost too cold for snow, but it seemed to be coming down even harder than when he had looked from his hotel room. The night sounds were muffled in the falling flakes. Pete figured a movie would be just about his speed this night. Yeah, something loud and exciting. Walking along the main drag, he saw what he had been looking for; a western . . . The Last High Mesa. A lot of gunplay, he figured; a real busman's holiday. The place, because of the lousy weather, he guessed, was almost deserted. He found a seat in the corner in the rear of the movie house, whipped off his wet coat and settled back to enjoy the cowboys.

About ten minutes after he had entered the movie, Pete noticed that a woman had sat down next to him. He wondered vaguely at the time, with all the damn seats in the movie house empty, why she had to squeeze in right beside him. Well, maybe she was lonely too. He tried to con-

centrate on the film. Soon, however, he had the growing realization that her thigh was pressing against his. The warmth of her body ran tingling through his, and he turned to look at her. Even in the darkened theatre he could see she was some doll; she had on a sweater two or three sizes too small, a beautiful face framed in ebony hair. As he turned to look at her, he found her staring at him. Her lips, glistening in the dark, were curled in a suggestive smile. What the hell is this, he wondered. Maybe she thinks I'm the one that's playing footsie. Conner shifted his position away from her and turned back to watch the film. Shortly afterward he felt a hand stroking his shoulder and he began to realize that the first encounter wasn't an accident.

Twenty minutes later they were walking out of the Last High Mesa. She had done all the talking, made the approach, Pete figured. He was just a lucky victim of circumstances. She was a beauty, and he sure as hell didn't want it to end like this . . . tonight. They were walking down the main drag, she wanting to know where they could spend some time, he trying to decide whether he wanted to or didn't want to. Then he decided.

Into the station house of the 3rd precinct Pete ushered the now reluctant lady. This wasn't his town, but a cop's a cop, and Detective Sgt. Peter Conner knew soliciting was against the law here too.

The snow stopped falling and the night lay in silence. Pete never did find out how the movie ended. ●







THE VETERAN

by GEORGE NOVAK

I GOT out of Valley Forge General Hospital about two years ago, a new man. A brand new man—new face, new civilian clothes, and a new mind. That was the rub. When they scraped me up in Korea, and sent me to a hospital ship the docs put me together like a jigsaw puzzle. They told me my memory would come back with a little rest. That was a load of crap! That's what gets me. These docs can do such a great job on the outside, but they sure as hell didn't do much for my mind. They told me my name was George Grady. They found this out because, even though my hands were burnt and my dogtags were destroyed, they could still send my finger prints to Washington. So, I was George Grady—but who the hell was George Grady? Was I married? Yes, the Army said, but neither the Red Cross nor the Army could find my wife. Any other family?—deceased, the Army said. So, like I said, I'm George Grady. I was sent to Valley Forge General since, according to records, I was born and raised in Atlantic City. They took me there on little excursions in hopes, I figure, that it would

jog my memory. I was taken to the house on Chelsea Avenue where the Army said I was born, but I recognized nothing, and no one recognized me. Of course, my features were completely different . . . when they found me in Korea, I had no face . . . so the surgeons just adlibbed. They took me on long walks along Atlantic Avenue, and even took me up to the drug store where the Army said I'd worked, but nothing happened. What was even more strange, no one knew me either. It was like I dropped in from Mars. Well, like I said, it's been two years since the Army gave up on me, and I still don't know anything about my past. My wife, if I had one, never showed, but maybe it's just as well.

I got a job repossessing automobiles for a firm in Camden. It wasn't a bad job. Most of the skips didn't go far, but the few that did really took off. Usually they headed down south. Sometimes Georgia and Alabama—mostly though, Florida. This last one was out in Pittsburgh. I had picked up the car, a blue '54 Dodge, and was heading for the Pennsy Turnpike. It was hot, even for September, and the Dodge was heating up like hell. It was getting on to around four in the afternoon, and I figured it was useless to try to make Camden, so I pulled in to the first Motel that came along. Lucky I did, too 'cause as I drove up to the office, the old heap gave one final snort and quit.

I registered and was carrying my overnight bag to my room when I saw, coming out of the cabin next to mine, the dreamiest doll I had ever seen. She didn't look like no angel—you know what I mean—she looked like she'd been around. I figured her to be in her mid twenties. She was wearing tight, flesh-colored shorts, the kind where you had to look twice to make sure she was wearing anything. Her legs were firm and long. She didn't wear much on top, a white strapless tube top, that was so tight it looked like they was going to burst out any minute. She had dark hair and wore it in a pony tail which, I figured, made her look a little younger than she was. She smiled and came toward me.

"Hello," she said, and her voice was warm and soft. "Are you going to be in 23?"

"That's right," I answered, wondering what the hell difference that made.

"That's one of our nicest cabins. Just remember to close your blinds because the sun streams in early in the morning, and it's bound to wake you up."

I thanked her, she smiled again and walked towards the office. Her body was firm & full. Later that night I stopped into the office in hopes I'd find her again, but no luck. While I was there, I asked the night man about her. He told me she and her mother owned the place, her name was Miss Mathews, but that's all he knew. I didn't see her again on that trip . . .

I got back to Camden without too much trouble. The next couple of months passed fast. One night I located a skip on a side street in Ocean City. I waited around 'till about three in the morning and it looked like my man wasn't going to show. So, I backed my own car up to this one, and was tightening the tow bar, when all of a sudden, the lights went out.

I came to with a roaring headache. I was lying in the street next to my car. Of course, the skip was gone. It was about five A.M. The street was empty. I staggered into my car and slept for two hours. I felt better when I came to, except for an egg jutting out of the side of my head. I drove back into Camden, left a note in my boss's mailbox saying that I'd see him in about two or three weeks, and just like that decided to visit Miss Mathews.

It was very early in the day when I arrived at Sunny Acres Motel. The place looked almost deserted. An unexpected December snow and freeze had all but eliminated traffic. I pulled up to the front of the office and walked in. Sure enough, she was behind the desk. She wore a sweater that was molded to her and the fit of her slacks left very little to the imagination.

"Business looks kinda slow," I ventured.

"You can say that again, Mister, this lousy weather has tied up everything. It don't usually get like this for another month or so."

I signed the register and she handed me the key to 23. "That's funny," I said, "that's the cabin I had the last time I was here."

"I remembered," she said, smiling. "It was a couple months ago."

"Do you remember everyone that comes into your motel?" I asked.

"Only the handsome ones," she laughed.

"What can a guy with nothing to do but kill time do around here?"

"There's a bar and grill about half mile down the road that'll keep you warm on a cold night."

I told her I didn't like to go to those places alone, and she let me persuade her to keep me company. I could hardly wait. Okay, so she was a little

bit too easy to persuade, but, what the hell, I was lonely. Anyway, I picked her up at seven thirty, when she got off the desk, and we drove to the Turnpike Inn. About three hours, and many ryes-on-the-rocks later, I knew the story of her life. How her husband went off to war in Korea and got himself killed. How she and her mother scraped up enough money to buy this motel, and, a few more ryes later, how she had this terrible craving for male companionship ever since her husband died. How she couldn't take it any longer.

Well, that's how it went. Before I knew it, we were standing in her own cabin, both groggy with rye, but with our arms around each other. I could feel her body getting more and more excited. Finally, we could stand it no longer and collapsed in a heap on the bed.

She was asleep, and I lay there watching her. Okay, I wasn't the first or even the second, but what a bombshell. This is one place I was going to make a point of visiting. Maybe this is how she competed with the other Motels in the area.

Suddenly, I was all awake. There was a noise at the cabin door. My god, maybe she was married all the time . . . maybe her husband wasn't dead. The door swung open, and a fat hulk of a woman, about sixty, walked in. I guessed it was her mother. Well, I was caught. I lay there seeing what she would do.

"Well, my boy, are you going to stay here all night? I'm her mother," she said, starting to take off her clothes. "You don't plan to hibernate there all night, do you Buster?"

I couldn't talk, my head was pounding. I could feel my hands starting to shake. The woman disappeared into the bathroom saying, "Come on, mister I'm beat, I want my beauty sleep, there's always tomorrow, you know."

The next thing I remember, I was driving back east, a dull ache in my head, but able to think clearly at last. Maybe it was the blow I had gotten on my noggin. What ever it was, I had my long-lost memory back. It had returned slowly from a dim past. I'd gone and enlisted into the Army to get away from my wife and her nightmare of a mother. They went through all my savings in the first few months we were married, and then I discovered my wife had acquired a few lovers on the side. And my mother-in-law was all for it. I didn't think I'd ever forget those two, but I had until that night when I came face to face with them in that motel room. ●

Photo Album of a BRIDE-TO-BE

We've learned never to underestimate the power of a woman, especially when she's got marriage on her mind.

Take the case of the lovely Miss pictured here, who simply can't wait 'til the day she becomes a Mrs. As you can see, our gal spends hours looking through her collection of bride's magazines during the lonely hours spent in her small bohemian apartment.

bride's magazines during the lonely hours spent in her small bohemian apartment. At any rate it seems to us this Miss should be spending more time with her intended groom. What's that she says? You haven't exactly picked him out yet? You mean the field is still open? Steady now men . . . stop pushing . . . the line forms to the left!

*Although it's a June Wedding,
Our Gal Friday is planning ahead now*







"... and from this window you get a magnificent view of the valley!"

A NIGHT WITH A LATIN QUARTER GIRL

About a year ago, a pretty young red-head named Bobbi Stevens came to the Latin Quarter in New York looking for a job in the famous night club's chorus line.

Just about the same time Lou Walters, impresario of the club that has the largest (and most beautiful) harem in the world, and his staff were planning this year's shows.

It would be nice to recount how Walters was frantic for a red-head who stood 5'2" and measured 36-25-36 and how he just spotted Bobbi as she was walking out after being turned down for a job in the Latin's line.

It would be nice—but it didn't happen that way at all.

Like the other luscious ladies of the Latin, Bobbi went through an audition, was found better than passable, and stayed on.

As far as Walters' planning goes, that too was normal. For the Latin Quarter shows are so complicated and elaborate that detailed plans are laid at least a year in advance.

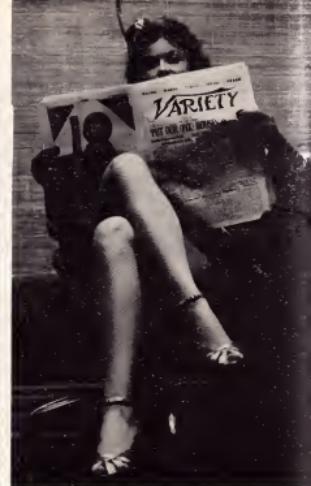
Walters himself personally supervises every facet of the Latin's revues. A showman from the word go, his more than 40 years in the business show up in the glamorous, colorful spectacles which take place nightly on the floor of one of the world's largest niteries.

Walters and his general manager Ed Rismann sit in on every planning conference for each show. Everything from the materials to be used in the costumes, designed by some of the country's leading artists, to the music and staging of the actual production show the fine hand of this master showman, often referred to as the "modern Ziegfeld."

Walters doesn't rely solely upon his elegant girls to attract the crowds that nightly jam the Latin, although he probably wouldn't lose that much business.

To complement them, he brings in a fabulous assortment of show busi-





Even after opening night of any revue, there are always minor changes to be made—and Lou Walters tells Bobbi of a revision in the score.



ness headliners—who run the gamut from Mae West to Martin and Lewis, from Sophie Tucker to Jack Benny.

Like an athletic coach, Walters makes it his business to know as much as he can of the capabilities of his girls. Even before they become one of the Latin's lovelies, Walters sees them for the first time. He auditions every chorine, as well as every act he has not seen before and watches over their progress like a mother hen.

Despite the glamour he is constantly surrounded by, and the obvious financial success he has made, Walters still retains a little of the flavor of the theatrical agent he once was.

His office at the rear of his club contains a huge desk that has a slightly cluttered air about it, and in one corner is an old upright piano that is constantly filled with sheet music—scores of the future productions which Walters will supervise.

Now about those productions—and more particularly, Bobbi.

Bobbi is a girl of many talents, beside those displayed prominently on these pages.

At 22, our luscious lass has not reached the pinnacle of her career as a Latin lady. Instead, she hopes it's only the beginning.

Finishing her nightly stint in the line, Bobbi forsakes the companionship of the other girls and hurries a



few blocks from the Latin to a little club called the Red Carpet on 56th street.

Here, she's back on stage but this time in a different role—as a singer of popular tunes.

For Bobbi's ambition is to be a top singer and although she's been working at it less than two years, she already has a following of sorts among New York's night people.

A member of the Latin's "middle group" of dancers (there are also "ponies" and "showgirls") Bobbi manages to lead a pretty normal life outside the Latin, although her day usually starts a bit later than the average 22-year old—say, about noon time or so.

One thing she makes sure she always has—nine hours sleep, even if it means staying in bed a good part of her free time.

And she and her friends need it. In addition to the shows at the club itself, the girls are often called upon for extra appearances, and sometimes put on full shows outside the club. The night we talked with Bobbi, the whole Latin show put on two extra performances, one in the afternoon and a second between the two evening shows, for a charity in a Manhattan hotel.

The routine Bobbi has to go through would be enough to make the average

girl want to drop from exhaustion.

The show usually lasts about two hours. During that time Bobbi has to make at least four trips up and down a narrow, winding, two-story staircase to her dressing room to change costumes.

While eventually she will end up decked out in nothing more than the bare essentials, her first costumes are spectacular—and heavy. Weighted down with rhinestones, the costumes are more than enough to make a more robust girl than our petite red-head start to puff the first few steps.

But the preparation is nothing compared to what she goes through once on the stage.

Lou Walters thinks that beautiful girls in as little clothing as possible are nice to look at, but if they stand still even the most enraptured patron will begin to lose interest.

So, with a precision that the famed Rockettes would envy, the Latin's line moves—and moves and moves and moves. Sometimes slow and stately, but more often with the pace of an Olympic sprinter. And usually each girl carries a prop of some kind.

You might think that such a daily routine would exhaust our girl so much that she does nothing but sleep all day.

No sir! She likes to swim, and ride horses, and walk and window shop



Bobbi (on the right) exhibits good form during intricate dance number.

Our luscious lady sits down for the last time
in almost two hours—these few minutes before
showtime are precious.



Waiting in the wings, the red-haired beauty
watches as the show begins. Bobbi appears
onstage in four different numbers.

No Scotch Marching Band ever looked this good!

The show's over—and it's back to the dressing
room to mend her costume—a stitch in time
saves embarrassment.





Her working day has ended, and Bobbi's about ready for her nine hours of sleep. But wait—is that the telephone?



A sandwich and some dancing? I'd love it. No, I'm not tired at all.

during her off hours. And not only that, but she has to engage in the perennial task of the budding show girl—the continuous round of agents' offices, sometimes in modern elevator buildings, too often in places where you have to walk a couple flights of stairs—and don't-forget the blocks between each office.

The rest of her free time she devotes to her other interests. Bobbi likes to play the piano (strictly as a hobby right now, although it might come in handy in her career in the future), and goes in for a good bit of sewing, even making some of her own clothes at times.

Then of course she does find time for social life (no one in particular just yet) and oh yes, a little more walking, because there's a dog too; Susie by name, and a rather rare concoction of dauschund and Cocker Spaniel who greets her at her apartment door each night. And we don't blame Susie one bit! ●



There—that didn't take long, did it?



MIKE STRAIN, private investigator, lay naked on an oversized bed with an earlobe in his mouth. The earlobe was not his own. A handsome man, perhaps, in his early thirties, maybe younger, Strain had the build of an all-American and would have probably been one ten years ago at Tech except that the only game Strain played was conducted in a prone position, most of the time. In point, Mike got out of bed, or as he called it, "left the playing field," only for necessary functions. The game, however, was not without its hazards. Twice Mike ventured too deep into the enemy's backfield without waiting for protection and had to be carried off the field with what an understanding infirmary physician labeled as bed sores. But that was long ago, mused Mike, as he absentmindedly bit down on the soft, pink-shelled piece of anatomy he was sucking. A scream of pained surprise came from the very feminine owner of the earlobe.

"Do you want to bite it off, Mike?"

"Hmm," Strain cleverly retorted.

"You're not paying any attention," remarked the earlobe's owner.

"Look, baby doll, this picture just don't add up. I'm trying to fit everything together."

"That's just what I want you to do, Mike," moaned the owner of the earlobe, stretching her shapely nude body to its full length, "fit everything together."

Mike rose up on one arm. "That's just what I'm trying to do baby. Marletti may die tonight for a murder he didn't commit."

"He confessed, Mike," murmured the earlobe. "He said he did it."

"Sure he confessed. He's trying to shield somebody. Thats what his sister thinks. That's why she hired me. That's what I think, too, but who's he trying to protect?

Marletti's partner was found in a mid-town apartment in bed with nothing on but his pajama tops, with a bullet hole in the goddamndest place—shot clean away—couldn't find a trace of them. At the morgue he could have passed for a dame from the waist down. There were signs that the murdered man had company in bed, but the place was too bloody for any clues—just a couple of long dark red hairs were found."

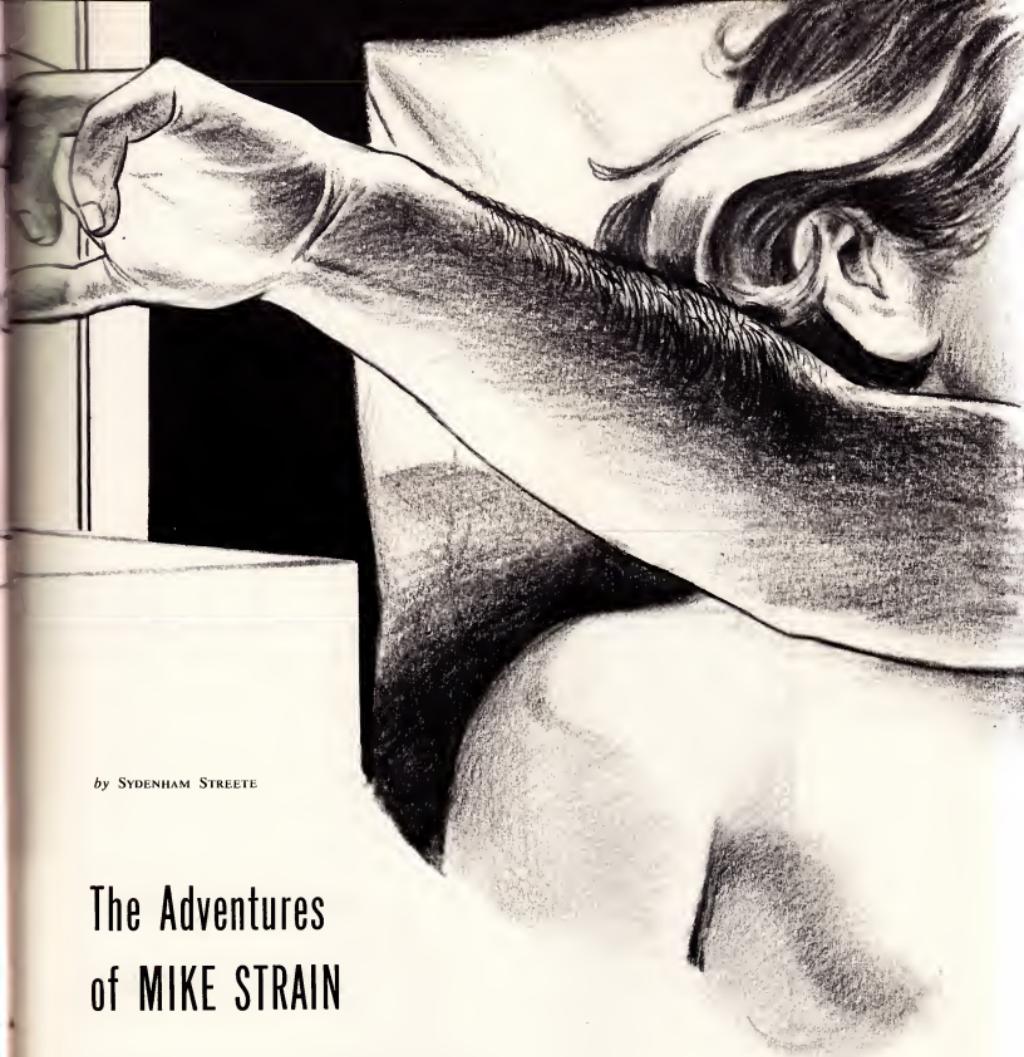
"Mike, can't we talk about it later."

"The guy's going to the chair in a few hours, Maria. What I can't figure is why he shot his partner where he did. Marletti just laughed when I asked. Why did he do it? Damn! Nothing seems to fit together!"

"I know something that will," promised the slightly panting owner of the lobe, whose auburn hair, Mike noticed, fell down to her shoulders, adding a splash of dark red to the unrelieved pale whiteness of her naked body.

The teams are out of the huddle, again, Mike thought as her lips met his, forcing his head back against the pillow. The giant crowd is hushed, expectant, Mike is calling the signals, the Hell with Marletti. The enemy line tenses itself, muscles straining. Now the ball is in play, Mike circles the enemy's end as one by one the defenses tumble down. Strain, by twisting, turning, and squirming, in what he thought was a beautiful example of broken field running, is now in sight of his goal. The crowd is a roaring noise in his ears now as he plunges his way into the end zone. Touchdown! Time out, Mike muttered as he dropped back exhausted after his sixth touchdown of the afternoon.

When Strain awoke it was very dark. He lay quite still. The only sound was the even breathing of his beautiful partner. He lay for some time being content just to listen. Every muscle in his body relaxed. He had no idea how



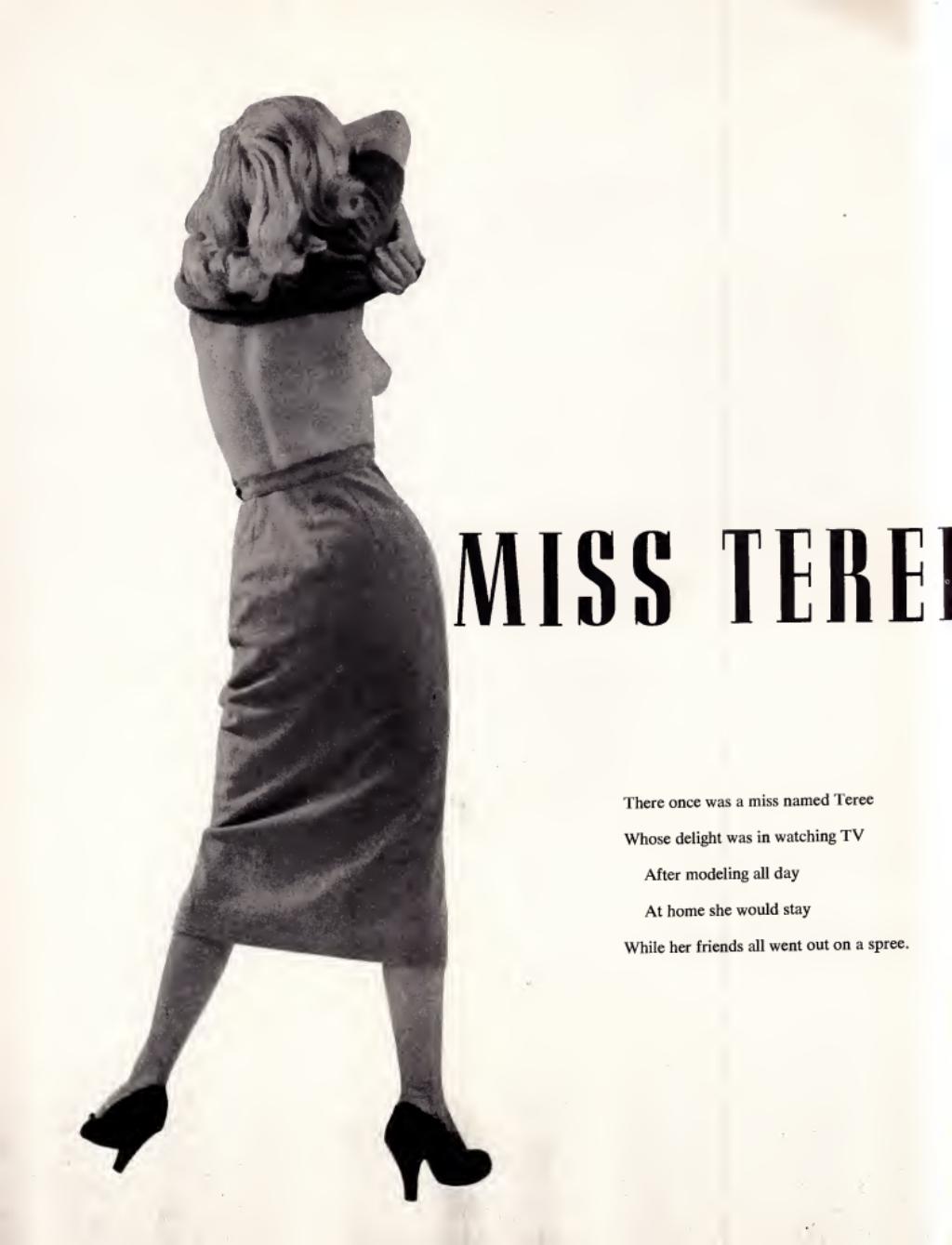
by SYDENHAM STREETE

The Adventures of MIKE STRAIN

long the phone had been ringing before he heard it. When he did, he leaned over his sleeping partner, his hand groping for the telephone on the night table.

"Yeah? just a few minutes ago, huh? Did he say anything before he died? Nothing at all, eh? . . . No, that won't be necessary . . . Yeah, I'll tell his wife. She'll be all broken up!"

Mike hung the receiver up softly and looked down at the peacefully sleeping widow Marletti. ●



MISS TERE

There once was a miss named Teree
Whose delight was in watching TV

After modeling all day

At home she would stay

While her friends all went out on a spree.



First out of her sweater she'd slide . . .

While thumbing through a program Guide

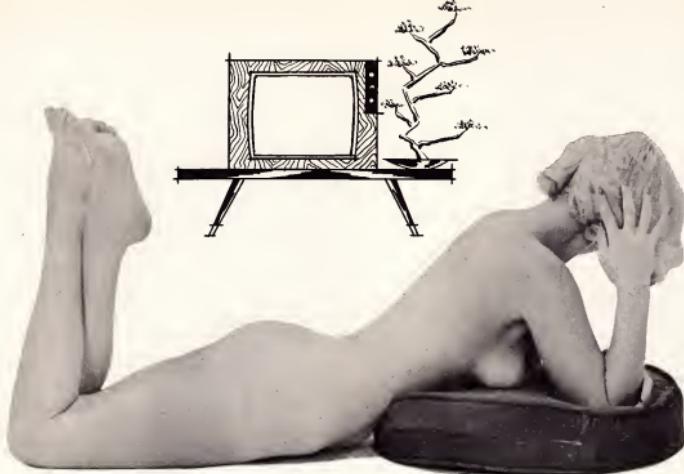
With her clothes in the tub

(she wore nothing above)

But then she had nothing to hide.

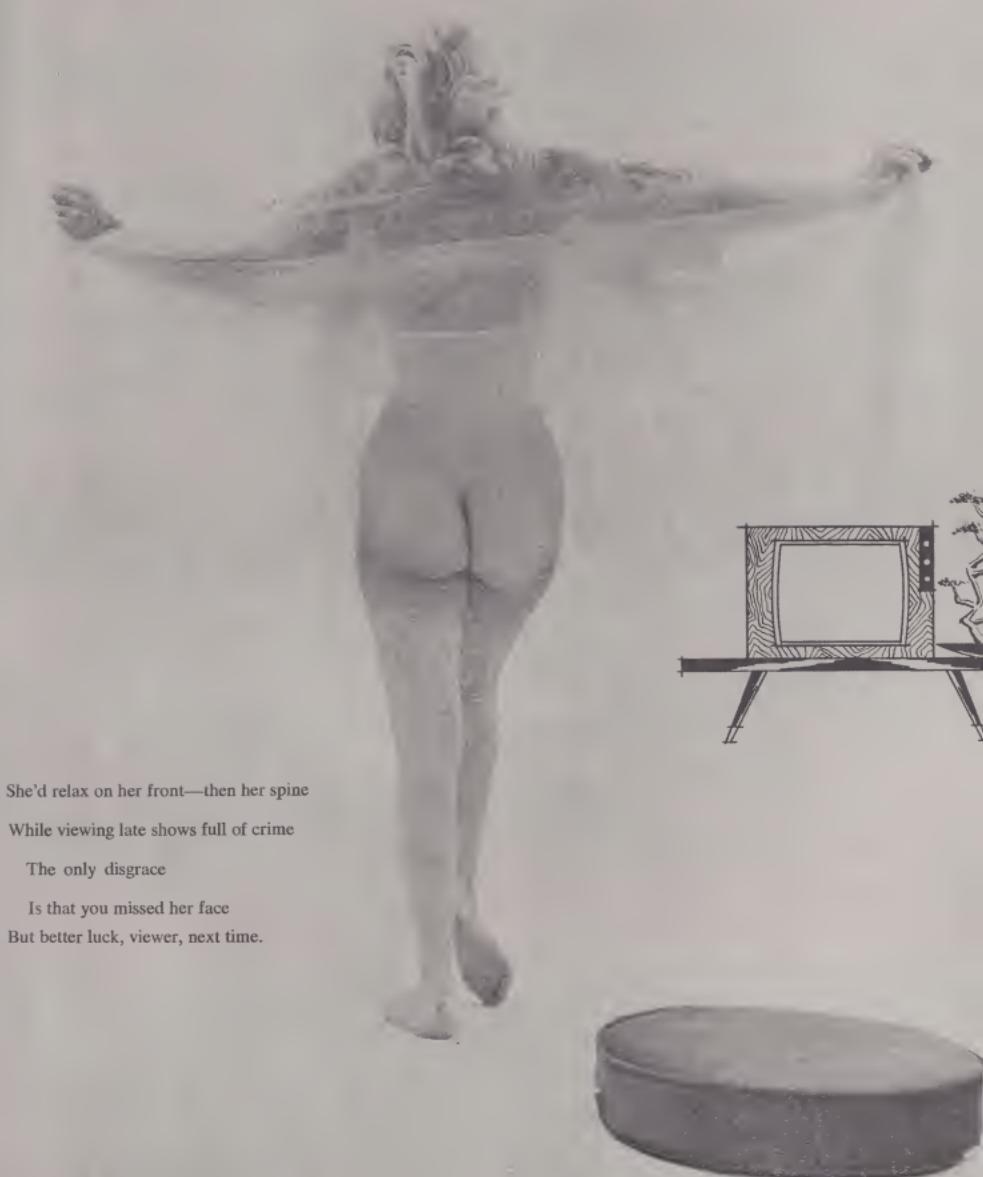
ON TV





She would watch only some of the acts
In her loose fitting black velvet slacks
But even in these
She'd feel ill at ease
So she'd slip out of them to relax.





She'd relax on her front—then her spine
While viewing late shows full of crime
The only disgrace
Is that you missed her face
But better luck, viewer, next time.



"How will I ever explain this to my wife?"

after hours

L I M E R I C K S

There was a beautiful lady of fashion,
Who had oodles and oodles of passion.
To her lovers she said
As she jumped into bed,
"Here's something the government can't ration!"

I heard that a girl from St. Paul,
In a newspaper went to a ball.
Her costume caught fire,
And burned the entire
Front page, sporting section and all.

There was a young man from Montrose,
Who could tickle himself with his toes.
He could do it so neat
He fell in love with his feet,
And christened them Myrtle and Rose.

There was a brave soldier named Bates,
Who could dance the Cha-Cha on skates,
'Til he fell on his cutlass
Which rendered him helpless,
And so he was useless on dates.

When a lady returned from Big Moose
Her husband exclaimed, "What the deuce!—
I am quite reconciled
To the call of the wild,
But where did you get the papoose?"

A redhead whose clothing was strewed
By winds that left her quite nude,
Saw a man come along,
And unless we are wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd!



AFTER HOURS wants to make you five dollars richer by using your favorite limericks on this page. Send them to Limerick Editor, AFTER HOURS, 1054 East Upsilon Street, Phila. 50, Pa. In case of duplicates, payment goes to the one with the earliest postmark. All limericks remain the property of the editor, who will try them on his secretary first.





... after all is said and done,
after hours—she's the one

BETTY PAGE
After Hours Girl of the Month

36 MEN AND A

Professor Harry L. Young
Head of Psychiatry
Northeast University

Dear Harry,

I just came across another one of these strange cases for you.

Jenny_____ first came to my office about three months ago. A beautiful woman, not quite thirty, she still had the body of a beautifully developed eighteen year old. She was 5' 5", solidly built, about 120 pounds, with flaming red hair. Her face and figure were the kind that would make men of all ages forget what they had been saying and doing when she entered a room. When she came into my office, and said she thought she needed the help of a psychiatrist, I remember the very first thought that came into my mind—I want to go to bed with her. Apparently, I wasn't the only one, but let Jenny tell you in her own words.

"My father was a lush. I don't know why he hated my mother, but he used to get roaring drunk and come home and beat the hell out of her. One day when I was eleven she left him. There were four other kids in the family, but I was the oldest. After Mom left, Dad stopped drinking, or at least he didn't drink as much. By the time I was fifteen, I was fully developed, and looked, I think, just like my Mom. This nearly killed my old man, and he began to drink more and more. He never raised a hand to me; instead, that bastard tried to make me.

"I don't know when I began to realize this; I didn't know much about the facts of life then. The old man never had much money, and there was only two beds in the house, so he insisted that I sleep with him. Most of the time I'd be asleep when he got home at night and I could never tell what he did to me when I was asleep 'til one morning I woke up with teeth marks over my entire

body. My breasts felt raw, and my whole body hurt. I decided then and there to leave and never come back. I had been working for the last few months at a five and dime store. It wasn't hard to get a job since I looked much older than fifteen. The manager of the store was a young bachelor in his mid-twenties, and when I told him I'd left home and had no place to go, he told me I could stay with him. We were happy together. He was very kind and gentle with me. He taught me the facts of life slowly and with much patience. But, unfortunately, after a year or two, we grew tired of each other and began to argue more and more. Finally, we decided to call it quits.

"I went out on my own, and tried to get a job, but I had no schooling. I couldn't type or take shorthand. I actually was trained to do only one thing, and I grew to enjoy that more and more. It paid a good living, and I found myself looking forward to each night's engagement. But even when the man of the moment didn't have the price, we partook anyway, for sheer enjoyment. It began to dawn on me, little by little, that what started out to be a way to make a buck was shortly becoming a way of life with me. I was beginning to need men now, as much as I needed money . . . and men were not hard to find. Men of all shapes and ages came to me for the most supreme pleasure of life. I became harder and harder to satisfy. I found that I couldn't even stand next to a man without wanting him. At this point in my life, I met Peter.

"Peter belonged to the University Club. This club had thirty-six male members, and they invited me to live there with them. For a little while, the passion in my being was satisfied with these thirty-six men. But, one of our

REDHEAD

nightly parties grew a little bit too reckless, and we were raided by the police. Can you imagine the police lineup that morning, with 36 guys and little ol' me? The newspapers carried the story for days. I was given three months, and put in a cell with two other women. I could hardly stand it, alone there with no men. The tension in me mounted to the breaking point until, in the middle of the second month, I gave myself to the two other women in the cell to do with me as they pleased. Their unnatural desires were at first nauseating to me, and though they did relieve me of my tension, I never could get used to them. Finally, after what seemed like years, I was released, more hungry than ever for men. Only now, no one and nothing seems to satisfy me.

"Now I'm in your hands, doctor," she said, looking up at me with her provocative smile. I told her a complete cure was unlikely, unless she wanted to submit to a very dangerous operation. But what I could suggest, since our society frowns on such a varied existence, was that she find a man who had similar problems, someone to match her passionate temperament with his own. Someone whom normal women could not satisfy, up to this time. Someone that could love and take care of her, and satisfy her wants both physically and psychologically.

So, Harry, I want to know if you can fly in next Monday when this nymph and I are getting married. It may not be in line with all that you've taught us about professional ethics, but, Harry, we need each other.

Sincerely,
Bill



Young Mac Lerner turned a former stable
into a thriving Supper Club and gets our nomination
for *AFTER HOURS* Man of the Month

YOUNG MAN with a NIGHT CLUB



Mac Lerner (left) at 28, and his brother Stan, 22, take time out to joke with members of the Celebrity Room Chorus Line between numbers.



A former pre-med student, Mac took over the Celebrity Room after spending three years at the University of Pennsylvania. He is shown sitting in front of an easel, painting a picture given him by Emmett Kelly, who made the second night club appearance of his career at the Celebrity Room.



Phil Foster, "Brooklyn's Ambassador to the U.S.A." and recording star June Christy are among the top headliners who have appeared at the Celebrity Room.

WHILE Philadelphia's night life is about as quiet as the late-hour doings of a big city can get and still be considered alive, the Quaker City lays claim to a title that few people know it deserves.

For Philadelphia, astonishing as it may seem, has more night clubs with floor shows than New York City. This secret has been pretty well kept, mostly because Philadelphia's clubs, tend to be of the intimate cocktail lounge type.

While Philly's top club is still the Latin Casino (both from the point of size and headliners), one of these cozy places runs a very close second from the point of general excellence of food, drink and entertainment.

The Celebrity Room, tucked away on one of the innumerable side streets that honeycomb center city, seats only 200 patrons in the main room—but that's been enough to make it successful for its two owners; a former pre-medical student at the Ivy League University of Pennsylvania and his brother, who up until last year couldn't legally enter his own club because

Pennsylvania law requires that you be over 21 before you're allowed in a place that serves liquor.

Twenty-eight year old Mac Lerner, son of a night club proprietor of long standing has turned a former stable (40 years ago or thereabouts) into the city's leading supper club, and attracted some of the top available talent with his liberal contracts and top-notch entertainment policy.

Working with Mac is his 22-year-old brother Stan. Mac is primarily responsible for the booking, advertising and publicity while Stan handles the financial and personnel matters.

The "elder" Lerner is a combination official greeter, maître de and trouble shooter for the main room.

Upstairs, there's a cocktail lounge (no show) presided over by a personable (and slightly temperamental) former Celebrity Room chorus girl, Lillian Reis, who showed as much aptitude for keeping customers happy offstage as she did while the show was on.

Lillian was a recent acquisition of the Celebrity Room, and for that matter, the club itself is a comparatively recent venture of the Lerners.



The "Turkish Delight" belly dancer Nejla Ates who made her name in the Broadway hit "Fanny," is one of many headliners featured at the club.



Zany Jack E. Leonard gets a few college boys into the act during one of his many engagements at the Celebrity. Cracks Jack, "You look like a smart young man. Yep, you sure look like you're going places! Really going places . . . places like the army induction center, of course!"

Mac, after dumping his ideas about medical school, joined his father Sam in a musical bar in the center of town seven years ago. This proved financially successful, so the two took the next step and went into a cocktail lounge that had a small show. From there they graduated to the Celebrity Room—and all their success was preceded by a grand total of two years experience in a somewhat related field, i.e. running a penny arcade in nearby Wildwood, New Jersey, a seashore resort.

Mac Lerner is probably the youngest owner of a major night club in the country. When Lerner took over the room a few years back, it was running a poor fourth in the lineup of four major center city clubs.

But his opening act changed all that—it was Christine Jorgenson. It was one of Jorgenson's first appearances, and Lerner was packing them in for the entire run.

Since then, the Celebrity Room has come a long way.



Young comic Jack Delano was pegged by Lerner as a real "comer" at audition, was promptly signed as a featured act on the same bill with Nejla Ates.



Nejla Ates has the floor at the Celebrity, and you can bet that the matings she's making aren't for adjournment.



The "bosses" meet for a midnight conference. Mac and Stan Lerner talk things over with Lillian Reis, pretty manager of the club's second-floor cocktail lounge and a former Celebrity Room chorus girl.

Within the last year, for example, the club has featured performers such as Phil Foster, Jack E. Leonard, June Christy, Nejla Ates, Ella Fitzgerald, Myron Cohen, Dick Shawn, Henny Youngman, Fran Warren, Gogi Grant, Johnathan Winters, Gypsy Rose Lee, Lilli St. Cyr and many other headliners.

Mac believes that while his excellent food and drinks will account for a certain amount of trade, the best draw, naturally enough, is his entertainment.

For this reason, Mac has a big say in what will be presented on the Celebrity Room bill. While his is the only club in the city with a chorus line, he still changes the girls every few months and brings in a completely new line, usually from New York "just so the people won't get tired of seeing the same girls over and over again." At the same time, he personally auditions all his acts before booking them.

Far from being a club that relies on a chorus line, a little music and a few acts to complete the show, the tall, good looking owner balances his acts by inserting at least one, and usually more, featured performers to headline the entertainment bill.

And you can bet on one thing—Mac's having a lot more fun as a night club owner than he ever would have had as a doctor. ●



Nejla Ates poses for a picture while Lerner is off. One whole wall is covered with autographed pictures of headliners who have appeared at the Celebrity Room.

After Hour's editors wish to point out that though the average run of the mill man of the world lives quite as full a life this man about town, prefabricated, first class, sometimes secret agent, and undisputedly the greatest lover of all time lived to a ripe old age of seventy-three. We do not intend to give away any secret, but will be obvious to you, after reading the complete Casanova series in After Hours, that old Cas really discovered the formula for a long, exciting life.

The Daughters

HERE were, in the house of Madame Orio three beautiful young daughters, Angela, Nanette, and Marton. All three were dark-haired beauties with skin the color of the lily. I, however, cared only for Angela.

I had been invited by Madame Orio to dine with her and her three daughters. As the hour for dinner approached I excused myself and said I had just remembered a pressing engagement and regretfully could not stay for dinner. Marton rose to show me out. She went down the stairs rapidly, opened and closed the street door with much noise and putting her taper out she returned to the dinner room. I quietly climbed back up the stairs. When I reached the third floor I found the sisters' room, went in, and sitting down on the sofa I waited impatiently for Angela's arrival. Finally after what seemed like many hour, Nanette and Marton entered the room alone.

"Where is Angela?" I asked.

"She had to leave," they said.

"She is trifling with me. She thinks she has made a fool of me and very likely she is even now laughing with her friends at her triumph."

"Why be so upset," said Nanette, "can't you accept us as a substitute? You can sleep here, and my sister and I can sleep on the sofa in the next room."

"I would not prevent you from going into the other room, if you do not trust me but it would be unkind of you to leave me here alone."

"I am certain," said the innocent Nanette, "that in a short time you will be bored with us and want to go to sleep."

"Well, we will see. Tell me, lovely Nanette, if I loved you as much as I love Angela, would you follow her example and make me unhappy?"

"How can you ask such a question of me? I don't know what I would do."

"Nanette is not as cruel as our sister Angela," said Marton laughing, "nor as wise."

As we had planned the sisters brought some wine, bread and cheese for our long night's vigil. Since they were not accustomed to drinking wine, their high spirits were soon delightful. As I looked at them I wondered at my having been so blind not to have seen their beauty. After we had eaten and drank our fill I sat down between them. I pressed their hands to my lips proclaiming all the while my brotherly affection for them. The first kiss I gave them was prompted entirely by harmless motives, and they returned the kiss, I am certain, only to prove their brotherly feelings toward me. Those innocent kisses, however, as we repeated them, soon became ardent ones. Indeed it was only natural that those burning kisses should have stirred in me passion's fire, and that I should have suddenly fallen in

love with those two charming sisters. Both were prettier than Angela: I could not understand why I had not noticed them before. On the other hand, they were the young, innocent daughters of a fine family and this piece of good fortune which had thrown them in with me ought not to prove their downfall. Still, with a little cunning on my part I could easily, during the long night, obtain favors the consequences of which might be very enjoyable. The very thought frightened me, and I resolved to respect their virtue. But circumstances proved too strong for me.

"I am sure that Angela loves you," said Nanette, "since when she is in bed she caresses me lovingly and calls me her dear Casanova."

"Surely," said Marton, "you could not possibly be aware of what takes place between young girls sleeping together."

"On the contrary," I said, "everyone knows about those things."

"Even so," Marton said, "if Angela knew, she would be very angry with Nanette."

"Granted that she would," I said, "certainly she would not want me to know that she finds means of satisfying her senses with the charming Nanette who obligingly performs the part of her husband, while she remains cruel to me."

As I went on talking, I pretended to be somewhat sleepy. Nanette being the first to notice it said, "Why don't you go to bed now, we'll sleep on the sofa in the next room."

"My sleepiness will soon pass off but I am concerned about you. Go to bed yourselves, my charming friends, and I will go into the next room. If you are afraid of me, lock the door, but you have nothing to fear for I feel only a brother's yearning toward you."

"We cannot accept such an arrangement," said Nanette, "but let me persuade you to take this bed."

"I cannot sleep with my clothes on."

"Then take your clothes off; we will not peek," they said.

"I did not think you would but I do not have the heart to sleep while you two are forced to sit up on my account."

"Well," said Marton, "we can lie down with you without undressing."

"By showing so little trust you offend me. Tell me, Nanette, do you think I am an honorable man?"

"Of course we do."

"Well then, show that you trust me; lie down in bed, undressed, and rely on my word that I will not lay even a finger on you. Besides, you are two against one. Unless you consent to show your confidence in me I cannot go to bed. If you prefer, you can join me after I

(Continued on page 34)



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(Continued from page 32)

have fallen asleep." I turned my back on them, undressed quickly, and wishing them goodnight I went to bed. I immediately pretended to fall asleep, but soon I actually did and only woke when they got into bed. Then, turning over as if in slumber I remained very quiet until I could suppose them fast asleep. Their backs were towards me, and the light was out therefore I paid my first compliments to the one who was lying on my right, not knowing whether she was Nanette or Marton. Taking my time, I compelled her by degrees to acknowledge her defeat and convince her that it is better to pretend to be asleep and to let me continue. Her natural instinct soon working in harmony with mine, I reached the goal; and my efforts, crowned with the most complete success, left me not the shadow of a doubt that I had gathered those first fruits to which our prejudice makes us attach so great importance. I then turned to the other sister. I found her motionless, lying on her back like someone wrapped in deep and undisturbed sleep. Carefully managing my advance, I begin by gently caressing her body, gratifying her senses, and I found to my delight that, like her sister, she was still in possession of her maidenhood. As soon as her movements showed me that love accepts the offering, I prepared myself to complete the sacrifice. At that moment, giving way suddenly to the violence of her feelings, and tired of her assumed slumber, she warmly locked me in her arms at the very instant of the voluptuous crisis, smothered me with kisses, shared my raptures, and love blended our souls in the most ecstatic enjoyment.

"Let us get up, my sweethearts," said I, "and swear to each other eternal love."

When we had risen we performed, all three together, certain acts which made them laugh a good deal and gave a new impetus to the ardour of our feelings. We then ate the remains of our supper, exchanging those thousand loving words which love alone can understand, and we again retired to our bed, where we spent a most delightful night giving each other mutual and oft-repeated proofs of our passionate ardour. Nanette was the recipient of my last bequest. Madame Orio having left the house to go visiting, I had to hasten my departure, after assuring the two lovely sisters that they had effectually extinguished whatever flame might still have flickered in my heart for Angela. I went home and slept soundly until dinner time. ●

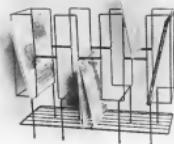


a male order page

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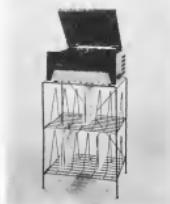
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The Ballad of Johnny Mott

ANONYMOUS

There are desperate men in Frisco's pen,
But the very worst of the lot,
Was a theivin' ape,
Servin' time for rape,
By the name of Johnny Mott.

Now some men could stay fifty years and a day,
Without ever thinkin' of dames,
But the trouble with Mott,
He was born burnin' hot,
And that rape didn't put out the flames.

He was in for plenty, served nine out of twenty,
And he'd probably serve the whole,
His behavior was such,
That he didn't have much
Of a chance to get out on parole.

So Johnny Mott thought out a plot
He figured would work without fail,
With a knife and a spoon,
It would take him 'till June,
But he'd dig his way out of that jail.

He was working like hell to dig out of his cell
When June of the year rolled around,
He thought he would die,
Near the end of July,
When he suddenly heard a strange sound.

"Whatcha doin' there, Mame?"—"Twas the voice
Of a dame, and it came from just over his hear,
It was freedom at last
He cried with a gasp,
And he dug 'till his fingers bled.

He emerged in the sun, I have finally won,
He thought as he looked all around,
But the walls were still there,
And he saw with despair,
He was inside the women's compound.



He was spotted by two of the compound's crew,
And they hustled him into a shed,
"Look, we won't tell a soul,
You came out of that hole,
If you play your cards right," they said.

"Now we ain't seen a man since we came to this can,
And we need what a man can do,
We'll sneak you some feed,
And whatever you need,
If you promise to service us two."

I'll be damned, thought Mott, what a perfect spot
For a guy with my talents to be in,
"I'll service you gals,
And a few of your pals,
But I'll kill the first one that turns me in."

So the bargain was made, and the terms firmly laid,
But the word of their find got around,
By the end of the week,
Mott was working at peak
Satisfying the whole damned compound.

After Mame and Laverne, came Sandy and Fern,
Then Harriet, Marlene and Sue,
Peggy and Phyl,
Margie and Lil,
Mary, and Reenie and Lou.

There were Rose and Marie, Lois and Bea,
Silvia, Annie and May,
Margie and Jo,
Rickie and Flo,
Martha, and Shirley and Mae.

Then came Joan and Maxine, Doris and Jean,
Patty and Flossie and Dot,
Rosie and Gay,
Linda and May,
And so many more, he forgot.

As the days tumbled by, Mott knew he would die,
If he didn't escape from this trap,
But he saw with despair,
There were girls always there,
And he never could get off his back.

So, as if in a dream, Mott concocted a scheme,
Full of desperation and dread,
When the broads left that night,
He was gonna ignite,
The straw of his makeshift bed.

Oh, there are happy men in Frisco's pen,
But the happiest of the lot,
Is a worn out shell,
Fast asleep in his cell,
And its name is Johnny Mott.



"But you told me to pick up your dress when
we got to the department store!"



east meets west

What happens when a soldier-of-fortune photographer discovers an oriental beauty . . .

THE tall, mustached man you see above was born during a snow storm in a lighthouse off Cape Cod. At the age of 18 he stowed away on a freighter to Algiers, and since that time Michael Denning has traveled the world over.

As might be expected, Denning is one man who has done just about everything. He's been lost in the Libyan desert with thirty-five cents and a New York City subway token in his pocket, and he's also been on the legitimate stage where he once starred with George M. Cohan. Forty-two years have gone by since Mr. Denning left that lighthouse, and the years of wanderlust, he confesses, have been good to him.

We found Mike firmly entrenched in his photography studio where he's made a name for himself with his excellent portrait work of show business



Mike's town house is a regular museum of early-American. In addition to being an avid antique collector, Mike imports foreign coins and fashions them into unique pieces of costume jewelry for Philadelphia's carriage trade.

people. Jayne Mansfield (who loves animals) couldn't wait until her sitting with Mike was over, so she could play with the tiny residents of Mike's private zoo. The zoo now includes two alligators, eight snakes—including a 9-foot boa constrictor, four parakeets, a family of rabbits, one white rat and two tame dogs.

Mike discovered Mei Ling (which means "beautiful life") while looking for antiques in New York City's Chinatown section. Mei Ling, a shapely young beauty with bewitching eyes, hails from a place called Shanghai. Mike promptly forgot about his antiques, and over a cup of tea in a dimly lit Chinatown bistro Mei Ling told Mike all about her aspirations for a career on the stage. Ever willing to lend a hand to a promising young actress, our man Mike produced the pictures on these pages, hoping that they'll come to the attention of a casting director who may be searching for a lithe and thoroughly charming little Chinese girl. Chopsticks, anyone? ●

Mei Ling's mother was White Russian and her father Chinese. This may account for her unusual preference in breakfast food, i.e., barbecued snails and warm goats milk.





*A tale for after hours leisure when your libido is low
and your liquid spirits and your musical fi are hi*

Whatever Lilia Wants

by PHIL TELV

So help me this story is true. It may sound corny, the way it starts that is, but it really happened that way.

She was a female H-bomb; Lilia I mean. I was getting off the airport transit bus in Los Angeles when she dropped into my wide-open 20-20's. The view, I hasten to add, nearly ruined my taste for any other forms and this is a town abounding in gorgeous-type female forms. Well to get to the point, and she had a few fine as wine, I was only planning a short stay in this smoggy town.

There's this spot called "The Cave" I always dig the combo there. It's loose and swings hard, but mostly it's the babes at the bar who are loose and swing easy, if you know what I mean. I figured to spend a boozy hour or so at the bar in my best making manner, and then, after some town rounds, to head for a lush hotel and a night on the town. (Oh the joys of expense account days!)

But as I stepped from the bus and this too lush form appeared, I reverted to Plan "B"—Emergency pursuit by all possible means instantly. This girl was too much! Not even a major business venture was going to spoil the fun of pursuing this super genuine bit of female American erotica. By now I had flipped with excitement at the thought of the chase to come.

I followed the brisk Monroe-like

movements of her rear curves down the station platform. She was a ravishing blonde—what else? I mean you know,—you knew when you saw her that virtue had not passed you by. In short, she was the ultimate female of the moment, and who knows maybe the day, week, month, and year too. Only time and sampling would tell.

All I knew was that my physical attraction computer circuits had been whirring with automation-like efficiency from the moment I had glimpsed her cool, beautiful face which oddly had no trace of come-on visible, yet the character of living, wanton sex radiated all about her. She was wearing a light blue full length leather coat and a white very tight dress. She had on bright orange lipstick and nail polish. Somehow, against her short blond hair it was the only shade possible.

Under the white, tight, dress was the most pleading, provocative, form these eyes had ever seen. I longed to be along side, and no delay—but as you may have surmised, I wasn't even close at this point.

I stashed my bags quickly in the first set of those damn two-bit lockers I could find. Suddenly I lost sight of her. I ran up the station concourse and half-flew down the escalator but too late—she was gone. I quickly raced to the street corner and peered in vain

for the blue leather coat. "She must have grabbed a cab," I muttered. I walked down the crowded street cussing under my breathless breath, still in the spell of this bewitching female.

When I finally looked to see where the hell I was going that crazy old "Cave" sign was right above me.

Inside I proceeded straight to a bar stool and began to savor the good alcoholic spirits in a too-rapid fashion. I was nervously fondling one of those bar mats when what to my wondering eyes did appear, but my two-pointed blond and her well rounded rear! And that believe me was no jazz.

I don't need to tell you what wild schemes and obvious desires raced insistently through my by now entirely masculine blood stream.

"Play it slow," I thought, "Cool like the sounds emanating from Paul Desmond's lyrical alto sax." In fact his music was fast setting a mood to be wooed in, and won, I hoped. There she was all five feet five inches, neatly stacked in what I judged was a 38-26-36 package, with legs ever so crossed on a bar stool. It was too much to be so! At this point disturbing questions began to pop into my big fat head.

"Why was a doll like this touring alone?" She could make a mint or just have a ball any number of escorted and/or prosperous ways. "I



could name one right now." Certainly she could never lack for male aah—friends. "Why do I think I can afford her price whatever it may be?"

I cautioned myself with the thought that it is better to have tried to make than never to have made at all. And with five too many shots under my belt, I knew there was a danger that I would press too fast and blow it all. Complete excitement was now pounding inside me, "Got to find out her pitch—got to find

"Digging the cool sounds or just having a blue mood?" I finally said clumsily and tortuously near her left ear lobe. I held my breath—"Mostly blues," she said in a faint, disinterested way, yet with no note of rebuff or personal resentment. "Desmond's music fits me," she said. "I always come here when I'm picked off first in a big rally."

Well if ever a man had an ever-ready blues-tailored shoulder it's Big Daddy here. Amidst the drinks, talk and swinging notes six-thirty somehow arrived and by some miracle, I've got her signed up for dinner at Ciro's.

Now dig this—Her name is Lilia Alton. She's been in and out of show biz, mostly in, as a high class club-type stripper and as a nude model for those one-buck art-photography mags. When she was out of show biz, she was, I figured, a very expensive pro-

fessional companion. No ordinary type chic, as you now know.

OK that's her biography, "But why is she digging me?" It's not for the usual reason cause this boy is not so stupid as to think he can afford her stakes. I'm not in that league. Precisely because I am not is why she is with me at all.

I am with a TV agency as a sort of roving talent scout. I travel throughout the U.S. getting John Henry's on contracts, smoothing out troubles, occasionally I spot some budding new star for those lovable minute spot commercials that kill you.

Lilia it seems is very tired of her current role in life. What Lilia wants is to be a television model—legit-like—and maybe make some national magazine cover and a plush legit future in cozy Manhattan. Safely married to a guy who's filthy rich & not to hard to take. Like I said Lilia is not exactly the sophisticated New York type, but I have to admit I can think of roles she might play. Foremost in my mind is ACT I, SCENE I in my hotel room.

It was a bargain from the start. I would play matrimonial talent scout for her in N.Y. and she would play bedfellow for me. We were in her room but two brief seconds when my well liquored drive moved fluidly into advance stages. Whatever Lilia wants

Lilia gets. She began slowly. She was voluptuous, enticing, teasingly torturous, and so co-operative. When I caught her act in its natural state, I was almost in a state of shock. I can tell you this—the contour line your hand could travel from her taut eager neck to her delicate and dimpled navel, made a pure geometric form calculated to drive the best of mankind to early graves from over exposure.

Further talk is just not necessary. Besides, from that point on I don't know if it was her or the Booze. It took me fully three weeks to recover from that historic meeting with her north, south, east and west.

A few months later, when I sashayed into our New York office there sat Lilia with her fine as wines prodiging the atmosphere radiating ripples of delightful excitement in every direction. It had taken me three weeks to recover and I almost had a relapse in a moment. I was speechless—which as you can imagine is very unusual for me. She turned her pert blonde head and smiled, and at that moment J. B., my boss, walked out of his office stepping into the magnetic field. "Glad to see you're back, Johnny," then noting the direction of the stare, "Allow me to introduce Lilia my wife."

"Wife?" I managed.

Lilia smiled, "we were married yesterday." ●

LUSCIOUS RED



AN OLD FAVORITE—
presented in a new
setting . . .

HERE once was a sweet young thing of sixteen who was dearly loved by everyone who knew her; but she was especially dear to her grandmother who was quite comfortably loaded. One day her grandmother bought the child a red velvet riding habit, which fit the golden-haired beauty like wallpaper on a bumpy wall. Soon, everyone was calling her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day while Little Red Riding Hood was curled up in front of the television set, deeply engrossed, her mother came padding timidly into the room.

"Little Red Riding Hood," her mother squealed, "turn off that Test Pattern and get rid of Bertram before it's too late."

"Too late for what?" the sweet thing asked, slowly uncoiling her milky white arms from around Bertram's neck. She had a little difficulty in disentangling her legs, so she prodded Bertram a few times in the ribs, until he finally released her.

"Too late to make some money," the mother explained, "it's your dear sweet grandmother. . . . Poor dear . . . she's about to leave us . . ."

"Oh mother, they're not going to send her up again!" Little Red Riding Hood was losing interest. She pressed her shapely body closer to Bertram's, and nuzzled her Parisian pink nose deeper into his neck.

"Oh no, Red Riding Hood. Not that anymore! The dear rich woman, with all her dear money, is . . . well . . . you're so young . . . I don't

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